

Troilus and Cressida.

Pan. You spie, what doe you spie: come, giue me an Instrument now sweete Queene.

Hel. Why this is kindly done?

Pan. My Niece is horrible in loue with a thing you haue sweete Queene.

Hel. She shall haue it my Lord, if it be not my Lord Paris.

Pand. Hee? no, these none of him; they two are twaine.

Hel. Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, Ile heare no more of this, Ile sing you a song now.

Hel. I, I, prethee now: by my troth sweet Lord thou hast a fine fore-head.

Pan. I you may, you may.

Hel. Let thy song be loue: this loue will vndoe vs el.

Oh Cupid, Cupid, Cupid.

Pan. Loue? I that it shall yfaith.

Par. I good now loue, loue, no thing but loue.

Pan. In good troth it begins so.

*Loue, loue, nothing but loue, still more:
For O loue Bow,
Shootes Backe and Doe:
The Shaft confounds not that it wounds,
But tickles still the sore:
These Louers cry, oh ho they dye;
Yet that which seemes the wound to kill,
Doth turne oh ho, to ha ha he:
So dying loue lins still,
O ho a while, but ha ha ha,
O ho grones out for ha ha ha---hey ho.*

Hel. In loue yfaith to the very tip of the nose.

Par. He eates nothing but doutes loue, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deedes, and hot deedes is loue.

Pan. Is this the generation of loue? Hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deedes, why they are Vipers, is Loue a generation of Vipers?

Sweete Lord whose asfield to day?

Par. Hector, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor, and all the g:lantry of Troy. I would faine haue aim'd to day, but my Nell would not haue it so.

Hel. He hangs the lippe at something; you know all Lord Pandarus?

Pan. Not I hony sweete Queene: I long to heare how they sped to day:

Youle remember your brothers excuse?

Par. To a hayre.

Pan. Farewell sweete Queene.

Hel. Commend me to your Niece.

Pan. I will sweete Queene.

Par. They're come from fiedle: let vs to Priams Hall To greete the Warriors. Sweet Helen, I must wooe you, To helpe vnarme our Hector: his stubborne Buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers toucht, Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele, Or force of Greekish sinewes: you shall doe more Then all the Hand Kings, disarm great Hector.

Hel. 'Twill make vs proud to be his seruant Paris:

Yea what he shall receiue of vs in duetie,

Giues vs more palme in beautie then we haue:

Yea ouershines our selfe.

Sweete about thought I loue thee.

Exeunt.

Enter Pandarus and Troilus Man.

Pan. How now, where's thy Maister, at my Cousen Cressidas?

Man. No sir, he staves for you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O here he comes: How now, how now?

Troy. Sirra walke off.

Pan. Haue you seene my Cousin?

Troy. No Pandarus: I shalke about her doore

Like a strange foule vpon the Stigian bankes

Staying for waftage. O be thou my Charon,

And giue me swift transportance to those fields,

Where I may wallow in the Lilly beds

Propos'd for the deseruer. O gentle Pandarus,

From Cupids shoulder plucke his painted wings,

And flye with me to Cressid.

Pan. Walke here ith Orchard, Ile bring her straight.

Exit Pandarus.

Troy. I am giddy; expectation whistles me round,

Th'imaginary relish is so sweete,

That it enchants my sence: what will it be

When that the watry pallats taste indeede

Loues thrice reputed Nestar? Death I feare me

Sounding distrustion, or some ioy too fine,

Too subtle, potent, and too sharpe in sweetnesse,

For the capacite of my ruder powers;

I feare it much, and I doe feare besides,

That I shall loose distinction in my ioyes,

As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes

The enemy flying.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. Shee's making her ready, sheele come straight; you

must be witty now, she does so blush, & fetches her winde

so short, as if she were frid with a sprite: Ile fetch her; it

is the prettiest villaine, she fetches her breath so short as a

new tane Sparrow

Exit Panda.

Troy. Euen such a passion doth embrace my bosome:

My heart beates thicker then a feavorous pulse,

And all my powers doe their bestowing loose,

Like vast luge at vnawares encountering

The eye of maiestie.

Enter Pandarus and Cressida.

Pan. Come, come, what neede you blush?

Shames a babie; here she is now, sweate the othes now

to her, that you haue sworne to me. What are you gone a-

gaine, you must be watcht ere you be made tame, must

you? come your wayes, come your wayes, and you draw

backward wee put you ith firs: why doe you not speak

to her? Come draw this curtaine, & let's see your picture.

Alasse the day, how loath you are to offend day light; and

'twere darke you'd close sooner: So, so, rub on, and kisse

the mistresse; how now, a kisse in fee-farme? build there

Carpenter, the ayre is sweete. Nay, you shall fight your

hearts out ere I part you. The Faulcon, as the Terrell, for

all the Ducks ith Riuer: go too, go too.

Troy. You haue bereft me of all words Lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts; giue her deedes: but sheele

bereauue you 'oth' deedes too, if shee call your act wry in

question: what billing againe? here's in witness where-

of the Parties interchangeably. Come in, come in, Ile go

get a fire?

Cres. Will you walke in my Lord?

Troy. O Cressida, how often haue I wisht me thus?

Cres. Wisht my Lord? the gods grant? O my Lord.

Troy. What should they grant? what makes this pre-

ty abruption: what too curious dreg espies my sweete La-

dy in the fountaine of our loue?

Cres. More

Troilus and Cressida.

Cres. More dregs then water, if my teares haue eyes.

Troy. Feares make diuels of Cherubins, they neuer see

truly.

Cres. Blinde feare, that seeing reason leads, findes safe

footing, then blinde reason, (tumbling without feare: to

feare the worst, oft cures the worse.

Troy. Oh let my Lady apprehend no feare,

In all Cupids Pageant there is presented no monster.

Cres. Not nothing monstrous neither?

Troy. Nothing but our vnderakings, when we vowe

to weepe seas, lue in fire, eate rockes, tame Tygers; think-

ing it harder for our Mistresse to deuise imposition

inough, then for vs to vndergoe any difficultie imposed.

This is the monstrousitie in loue Lady, that the will is in-

finite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is bound-

lesse, and the act a slave to limit.

Cres. They say all Louers sweare more performance

then they are able, and yet referue an ability that they

neuer performe: vowing more then the perfection of ten;

and discharging lesse then the tenth part of one. They

that haue the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares: are

they not Monsters?

Troy. Are there such? such are not we: Praise vs as we

are tasted, allow vs as we proue: our head shall goe bare

till merit crowne it: no perfection in reuerfion shall haue

a praise in present: wee will not name desert before his

birth, and being borne his addition shall be humble: few

words to faire faith. *Troilus* shall be such to *Cressid*, as

what enuie can say worst, shall be a mocke for his truth;

and what truth can speake truest, not truer then *Troy-*

lus.

Cres. Will you walke in my Lord?

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What blushing still? haue you not done talking

yet?

Cres. Well Vnckle, what folly I commit, I dedicate

to you.

Pan. I thanke you for that: if my Lord get a Boy of

you, youle giue him me: be true to my Lord, if he flinch,

chide me for it.

Troy. You know now your hostages: your Vnckles word

and my firme faith.

Pan. Nay, Ile giue my word for her too: our kindred

though they be long ere they are wooed; they are con-

stant being wonne: they are Burres I can tell you, they'le

sticke where they are throwne.

Cres. Boldnesse comes to mee now, and brings mee

heart: Prince *Troilus*, I haue lou'd you night and day, for

many weary moneths.

Troy. Why was my *Cressid* then so hard to win?

Cres. Hard to seeme won: but I was won my Lord

With the first glances that euer pardon me,

If I confesse much you will play the tyrant:

I loue you now, but not till now so much:

But I might maister it; in faith I lye:

My thoughts were like vnbridled children grow

Too head-strong for their mother: see we fooles,

Why haue I blab'd: who shall be true to vs

When we are so vnsecret to our selues?

But though I lou'd you well, I woo'd you not,

And yet good faith I wisht my selfe a man;

Or that we women had mens priuiledge

Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,

For in this rapture I shall surely speake

The thing I shall repent: see, see, your silence

Commings in dumbnesse, from my weaknesse drawes

My soule of counsell from

Troy. And shall, albeit

Pan. Pretty yfaith.

Cres. My Lord, I doe

'Twas not my purpose thus

I am asham'd; O Heauen

For this time will I take n

Troy. Your leaue sweet

Pan. Leau: and you u

ning.

Cres. Pray you conten

Troy. What offends yo

Cres. Sir, mine owne

Troy. You cannot shun

Cres. Let me goe and

I haue a kinde of selfe recie

But an vnkinde selfe, that

To be anothers foolle. W

I would be gone: I speake

Troy. Well know they

fo wisely.

Cres. Perchance my Lor

And fell so roundly to a la

To Angle for your thought

Or else you loue not: for

Exceedes mans might, tha

Troy. O that I thought

As if it can, I will presume

To feede for aye her lamp

To keepe her constancie i

Out-living beauries outw

That doth renew swifter t

Or that perswasion could

That my integritie and tr

Might be affronted with

Of such a winnowed puri

How were I then vp-liste

I am as true, as truths simp

And simpler then the infan

Cres. In that Ile warre

Troy. O virtuous fight

When right with right w

True swaines in loue, shal

Approoue their truths by T

Full of protest, of oath and

Wants smiles, truth tir'd

As true as Steele, as plant

As Sunne to day: as Tur

As Iron to Adamant: as

Yet after all comparisons

(As truths authenticke au

As true as *Troilus*, shall c

And sanctifie the number

Cres. Prophet may yo

If I be false, or swerue a

When time is old and ha

When water drops haue

And blinde obliuion swa

And mightie States chara

To dustie nothing; yet le

From false to false, amon

Vpbraid my falsehood, w

As Aire, as Water, as W

As Foxe to Lambe; as W

Pard to the Hinde, or Ste

Yea, let them say, to stick